**附件1：学案**

Though it is one of the faded memories of my life today, there are times when I remember his face clearly, especially his eyes. As he had yellow spots on his eyes, we called him Spotty. He would have been a stray(流浪的) dog until he came to me.

When I was seven years old, my dad was arranged to Nasik. We moved into a rented house. The house was surrounded by lots of bushes and vines(蔓藤). It was raining very heavily on the day we moved.

I went out and felt those refreshing raindrops with a cool breeze on my face. It was a cold dark night. We had our meal and went to sleep.

Somehow, in the midnight I heard a sound outside the main door. I got up my courage and peeped out of the window near the door. I was really amused with what I saw outside.

There was a small puppy lying on an old rug(地毯) which my mother had put outside the door. He was wet and trembling. At first it was difficult to see the little one. He had a black body which was darker even than a black rainy cloud. It was the yellow spots on his eyes that made me recognize his appearance.

I felt pity for the poor soul when I saw the flowerpot(花盆) kept on the window falling down. I went out with an old towel. I went near the innocent one. I held him in my hand and wiped the puppy till he had become dry. I took him inside and made a bed for him, with a woolen rug and a small pillow, Spotty seemed very happy in his new bed as he went to sleep immediately.

The next day morning, everyone in the family came to know about the unusual guest. “Shall we keep him with us?” I questioned my mom.

Paragraph 1:

Mother thought a moment and finally agreed.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Paragraph 2:

After leaving the hospital, mother patted the dog’s head softly. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_